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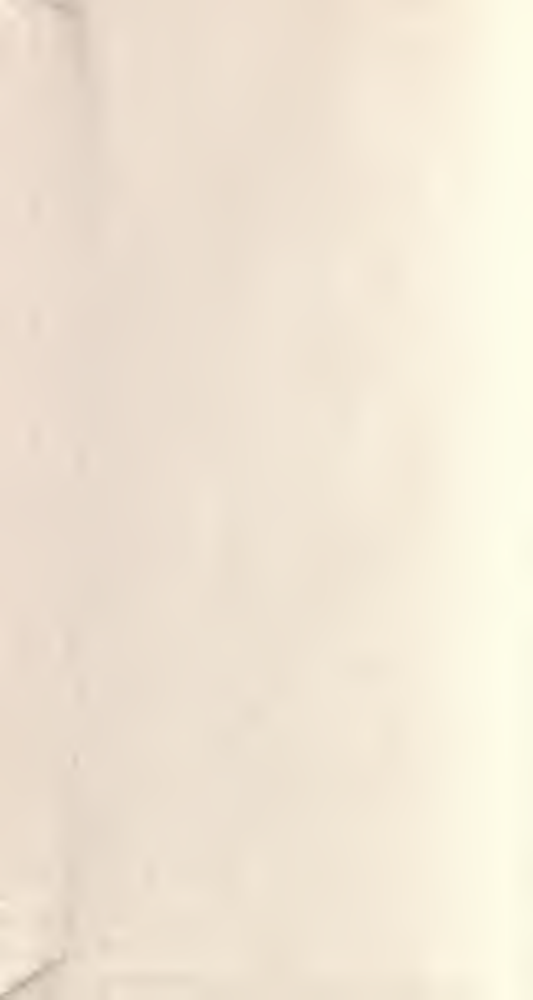
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OUR ROLL OF HONOR OR

OR  
POEMS OF THE  
REVOLUTION

BY

JULIA CLINTON JONES

AUTHOR OF "VALHALLA, THE MYTHS OF NORSELAND," THE  
"CLEOPATRA" POEMS, "STORY OF THE SHIP"  
ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK

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DEDICATED TO  
THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN  
REVOLUTION

AND TO

MRS. JANVIER LE DUC

AN HONORED OFFICER OF THE NEW YORK CITY  
CHAPTER



## CONTENTS.

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| OUR NATION'S BIRTH-DAY . . . . .       | I    |
| OUR ROLL OF HONOR . . . . .            | II   |
| A MEMORABLE WEDDING-DAY . . . . .      | 25   |
| UNDERNEATH THE STARRY BANNER . . . . . | 35   |



OUR NATION'S BIRTH-DAY



# OUR NATION'S BIRTH-DAY.

DEDICATED TO MISS M. V. B. VANDERPOEL,  
TREASURER OF  
THE NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER.

ONE hundred years ago  
A Nation sprang to life  
From out the womb of woe,  
Of battle, and of strife ;  
A glorious labor gave  
An infant giant birth,  
Whose limbs great oceans lave,  
Whose voice rings thro' the earth.

Hear the bells with peal and clang  
Echoing from shore to shore—  
Bells that long ago so rang  
When the fearful fight was o'er.





When the joy-morn broke at last  
Freedom rose o'er battle past,  
And her starry coronet  
On the Nation's forehead set.

The flag that waves so proudly  
From every loyal roof,  
The guns that peal so loudly,—  
Each fold, each peal, a proof  
Of love and deep devotion,  
Our Country dear, to thee,—  
These fill with strong emotion  
Our hearts that we are free.

We are the guarders of our land ;  
We are her breastworks tried ;  
Her ramparts, towers, and forts shall  
stand  
In us,—be this our pride !



And as this century now has brought  
Rich gifts that it has won and wrought,  
So let the future cycles tell  
Of deeds that they shall bring as well ;  
And let our hands not feeble prove  
To fashion forth this work of love ;  
Thus, in our generation, we  
As master-builders great shall be,  
While every stone by our hands set,  
If not an arch or minaret,  
Shall be a corner-stone, and there  
Our sons shall grander fanes uprear.

Louder, louder, peal ye forth,  
Cannon from the South and North !  
Praise to God, and jubilee  
Thro' our land of Liberty !  
Loud, and long, and ever higher,  
As our future hopes aspire !



Foremost in the ranks of time  
Stands our Country in her prime ;  
Bright her constellations blaze  
In the splendor of these days.  
Ne'er let her weary in the race,  
Nor drop one star from out its place ;  
And as the centuries weave their woof,  
'Gainst voice of syren sloth e'er proof,  
Still shall she keep her station grand,  
With Freedom's banner in her hand.

Peal and swing  
On joyful wing!  
Let the waking Earth  
Hail our Nation's birth !  
Hail the giant born !  
This is the morn  
Which yet shall lead to grander days ;  
Give God the praise !



OUR ROLL OF HONOR





## OUR ROLL OF HONOR.

DEDICATED TO MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR,  
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE  
NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF  
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

**T**YRANT chiefs and robber barons  
Founded many an ancient line,  
But we boast a prouder lineage  
Sprung from hero-blood divine.  
Let the Old World's haughty nobles  
Quartered arms on 'scutcheons wear,  
Won by knights and bold crusaders,—  
Far more glorious shields *we* bear,  
Graved with deeds of pure devotion,  
Quarterings there of courage high,  
“Amor Patriæ” *our* motto,  
As it was *their* battle-cry.

Patriot fathers of our Nation,  
Honor holds your mem'ries dear,



Plymouth's sons, and Jamestown's  
scions,—

Puritan, and Cavalier!

Rich or lowly,—one and equal,—

Rank by rank, and side by side,

Fought they in their Country's peril;

Fought and conquered! fought and  
died.

Brilliant charge, and daring foray,

Hard-pressed field, determined stand,

Forced the hireling Hessian backward,

Drove the Briton from our land.

What tho' need and hunger faced them,

With their blood they earned the  
price

Of our Freedom,—paid our ransom

With their grand self-sacrifice.

Never shall the rust of ages

Dim their glory, fade their fame,



For upon her trump heroic  
History sounds each deathless name.  
Let the key-note of her pæan  
Be the guns of Bunker Hill,  
While thro' glorious choral ending  
Yorktown's conquered cannon thrill.

But upon what Roll of Honor  
Stand the deeds the *women* wrought?  
In what archives rest the records  
Of the battles that *they* fought?

When around the smouldering camp-  
fire  
Sentries paced, while on the earth  
Soldiers slept, worn-out and wounded,—  
By the distant cabin-hearth  
Lonely women held their guard-watch—  
Picket-corps—their pass-words,  
prayer,—



---

Weaving home-spun,—moulding bullets  
By the tallow-candles' flare.

When the echoing volleys thundered  
Far away o'er hill and dale,  
In the gray dawn, calm uprising,  
From their midnight vigils pale,  
Firmly bent they to their duties,  
Crushing down their bitter pain,  
Seized the plough-share left in furrow,  
Sowed the seed, and ground the grain;  
Tended flocks, and combed, and carded,  
Then, at night their shuttles plied;  
Bread they brought the starving forces,  
Strength and sinew thus supplied.  
So, 'mid drum-beat and the bugle,  
Patriot music through the gloom  
From their hearths' intrenchments  
sounded,—  
Whirr of wheel, and fall of loom.





Nor alone beside the home-step  
Wrought they in their country's cause;  
Sought no gilded decoration ;  
Cared not for the world's applause !  
Soothing, cheering, urging, aiding,  
Piled they fires of Freedom high  
That throughout the land to Britain  
Showed the foe the way to fly.

Noble dames, with souls unflinching,  
Trusting in the God of Might,  
Bearing warnings to the armies,  
Galloped in the dead of night ;  
To the front, 'mid thick of danger  
Bore despatches, swerving not,  
Fired their homes to save from pillage,  
Manned the guns, and sped the shot.

Loyal women ! naught withholding  
Home, nor gold, nor love, nor life !



Naught of glory,—naught but honor  
Claimed they from that fearful strife.  
Grand reserve-troups ! there no orders,  
There no epaulettes shall shine,  
Yet when patriot forces muster,  
They shall hold the vanward line.

Lo ! upon a Roll of Honor  
Great and glorious, shines each name,  
In the heart of this proud Nation ;  
In the archives of her fame !

With the arms our fathers won us,  
Graven on each blood-bought shield  
Are the deeds of those brave women  
Quartered on the blazoned field.  
Tho' no heralds sing their story  
Pure thro' love and suffering made,  
They shall march beside our heroes  
Step with step at Grand Parade.



A MEMORABLE WEDDING-DAY



# A MEMORABLE WEDDING-DAY.

DEDICATED TO MRS. DONALD McLEAN,  
RECORDING SECRETARY OF  
THE NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER.

**W**HILE the echoing Christmas  
anthems

Mingle still with new-year chimes,

Meet we now to honor, sisters,

Memories of the olden times.

Sweet the fragrance of these roses,—

Gathered here are women fair,—

But there breathes a wafted perfume

Of magnolias on the air.

Dimly seen thro' lace-veiled windows,

Fancied peaks of Blue Ridge rise

Where in vales of Old Virginia

Ancient Fairfax County lies.

How your faces fade before me !

And your tones—how faint and low !





While thro' mists of long-gone decades

Shadowy figures come and go.  
Softly 'mid the throbbing music  
Ripples far Pamunkey's tide,  
Rolling by the stately White House  
Whence shall pass the lovely bride.  
Magnates of the Old Dominion,  
Laced and ruffled, grace the scene,—  
Haughty dames and laughing maidens,  
Youthful squires of gallant mien ;  
Rich brocades and flashing jewels  
Deck with pomp the bridal train,  
For the Custis weds the hero  
Crowned with bays from Fort Du  
Quesne.

Sisters, 'mid this hum of voices,  
Hear that nuptial strain ring on !  
Blessed day that gave our country  
Such a Lady Washington !



Such a matron ! Such a woman !

Childless she, yet thro' the land

Lo ! we Daughters, patriot-sired,

Claim her mother of our band.

Faithful wife, and noble lady,

Brave and tender, just and true !

When the blast from Freedom's  
bugle

Loudly Patrick Henry blew,

When beyond the broad Potomac

Rang the notes from hill to hill,

Calmly sent she forth her hero,

Held her place beside him still.

Grandly, as tho' still dispensing

Favors from the mansion down,

Fearless graced she camp and cabin,

Middlebrook and Morristown ;

While the hand that erst touched spin-  
net,

Wafted fan, or turned the wheel,



Still more gently soothed the suffering,  
Kindling fires of patriot zeal.

So the love that lit Mount Vernon,  
Warmed and brightened Valley  
Forge,—

Shared the danger,—till our Eagle  
Plucked the laurels from St. George!  
Till the roar of Yorktown's cannon  
Died in echoes from the land,  
And the nation called her soldier  
In the highest place to stand.

Years have rolled beyond the century,—  
All these scenes have passed away,  
But the Bride from Old Virginia  
In each heart is here to-day.



UNDERNEATH THE STARRY  
BANNER





# UNDERNEATH THE STARRY BANNER.

DEDICATED TO MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY  
OF THE  
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

**U**NDERNEATH the starry ban-  
ner,

Daughters! meet we here to-night,  
With sweet strains of music 'round us,  
Scent of flowers, and blaze of light;  
While our hearts send loyal greeting—  
As we grasp each friendly hand—  
Unto her, our honored sister,  
Foremost lady of the land.

Thro' the swiftly changing measures,  
Hark! a martial symphony!



And beside our glowing colors—  
Rent and stained, old banners see—  
Shadowy flags that once were waving  
O'er our men on field and flood,  
Nailed unto the mast in battle,  
Steeped in streams of patriot blood :  
Flags that waved when first the cannon  
Thundered out at Bunker Hill ;  
With the Oriflamme's fair lilies,  
Proud at Yorktown floated still ;  
But, where shone the British emblem,  
Gleamed the stars of Liberty,  
And above the baffled Lion  
Soared the Eagle of the free !  
Strangely, sisters ! how they mingle,  
Faded hues and colors gay ;  
Strangely are the echoes rolling  
From the old days, far away—  
Trumpet-tones that roused our fathers,  
Shrilling thro' that time of gloom,



Like the blast of the Avenger,  
Sounding forth oppression's doom.

'Mid the slowly sinking cadence  
Sweeter voices softly float,  
Earnest prayers of steadfast women  
Breathe in each orchestral note:—  
They who kept the watch-fires burning,  
Soothed and cheered thro' all that  
strife,  
As at Valley Forge were hardships  
Lightened by that noble wife.  
To the front their loved ones urging,  
Shared they all the bitter pain,  
Sowed they wheat that fed the armies,  
Spun the flax, and wove the skein.  
Honor well that "wheel and distaff,"  
Teaching how our mothers wrought,  
Spinning with the thread their heart-  
strings,



While our gallant fathers fought.  
Let us cherish, then, our emblem,  
Guard each life-strand from all  
    stains,  
We, the daughters of such parents,  
Patriot blood within our veins.

Grand reserve corps of the nation!  
Giving more than self for right;  
On the God of Battles calling,  
Trusting all unto His might;  
Armed with faith and firm devotion,  
*Other* weapons dared they wield  
In their need, as Jersey's Molly  
Manned that gun on Monmouth  
    field.

On that stainless square of azure  
Women's patience, women's prayer,  
Holding up their soldiers' courage,  
Set the stars more firmly there:





Standard-bearers of our freedom,  
They who helped the flag to win,—  
While the Union boasts her heroes,  
Well she loves each heroine.

Women's prayers, and swords of heroes,  
By their strength was freedom won.  
Lo! beside our country's father,  
Stands our Mary Washington.

Noble type of female virtue!

She who trained the arm that saved,—  
Deep on history's living pages  
Shall by love her deeds be graded.  
Rear, then, sisters! your memorial,  
Tho' she needs no sculptured fame,  
For the heart of this great people  
Has enshrined her deathless name.

Now the strains of music quicken,—  
Thrill as tho' from fife and drum;



Thro' its swell resounds the trampling  
As the victor legions come.  
'Mid the throngs, all gaily cheering,  
Up from Bull's Head on they ride ;  
With the generals closely pressing  
By their well loved leader's side.  
Clear the sky and bright the sun  
shine,  
Smoke of Yorktown passed away,—  
So the echoes ring forever  
Of Evacuation Day !

Lo ! the anthem of our glory !  
Faintly now the grand chords fall,  
And the phantom flags have faded  
From our colors on the wall.  
On the heavy air still lingers  
Fragrance that the flowers have shed,  
But a sweeter perfume rises  
From the lives of noble dead.



Lower now the lights are burning,  
And the band plays soft and slow.  
Once again your hands at parting!  
Greeting, sisters ! ere we go.











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